Chiron. And that would she for twenty thousand more,
Deme. Come let vs goe and pray to all the Gods,
For our beloued mother in her paines.
Aron. Pray to the deuils, the Gods haue giuen vs ouer.

Trumpets sound.

Demet. VVhy do the Emperours trumpets flourish
Chi. Belike for ioy the Emperour hath a sonne. (thus.
Demetrius. Soft who comes here.

Enter Nurse with a blacka moore childe.
(the Moore.

Nurse. God morrow Lords, O tell me did you see *Aron*
Aron. VVell, more or lesse, or nere a whit at all,
Here *Aron* is, and what with *Aron* now,
Nurse. Oh gentle *Aron* we are all vndone,
Now helpe, or woe betide thee euermore.
Aron. VVhy what a catterwalling dost thou keepe,
what dost thou wrap and fumble in thy armes?
Nur. O that which I would hide from heauens eye,
Our Empresse shame and stately Romes disgrace,
Shee is deliuered Lords she is deliuered.
Aron. To whome.
Nur. I meane she is brought a bed.
Aron. VVell god giue her good rest, what hath he sent (her?
Nurse. A diuel.
A. VVhy then she is the deuils Dam, a ioyfull issue,
N. A ioyles, dismall, blacke, and sorrowfull issue,
Here is the babe as loathsome as a toade,
Amongst the fairest breeders of our clime,
The Empresse sends it thee, thy stampe, thy seale,
And bids thee christen it with thy daggers point.
A. Zounds ye whore, is blacke so base a hue?
Sweete blowse you are a beautious blossome sure.
Deme. Villaine what hast thou done?
A. That which thou canst not vndoe.
Chiron. Thou hast vndone our mother.

Aron.

Aron. Villaine I haue done thy mothe
Deme. And therein hellish dog thou ha
VVoe to her chaunce, and damde her loath
Accurst the offspring of so foule a fiend.
Chi. It shall not liue,
Aron. It shall not die.
Nurse. *Aron* it must, the mother wils
Aron. VVhat must it Nurse? then let
Doe execution on my flesh and blood.
Demet. Ile broach the tadpole on my Ra
Nurse giue it me, my sword shall soone di
Aron. Sooner this sword shall plow th
Stay murtherous villaines will you kill yo
Now by the burning tapors of the skie,
That shone so brightly when this boy was g
He dies vpon my Semitars sharpe point,
That touches this my first borne sonne and
I tell you younglings, not *Enceladus*,
VVith all his threatning band of *Typhons* b
Nor great *Alcides*, nor the God of warre
Shall ceaze this pray out of his fathers han
VVhat, what, yee sanguine shallow harted
Yee whitelimde walles, yee ale-house pain
Cole-blacke is better than another hue,
In that it scornes to beare another hue:
For all the water in the Ocean,
Can neuer turne the swans blacke legs to w
Although she laue them howrely in the fl
Tell the Empresse from mee I am of age
To keepe mine owne, excuse it how shee ca
Demetrius. VVilt thou betray thy Nob
Aron. My Mistris is my Mistris, this my s
The vigour, and the picture of my youth:
This before all the world doe I preferre,
This mauger all the world will I keepe safe,